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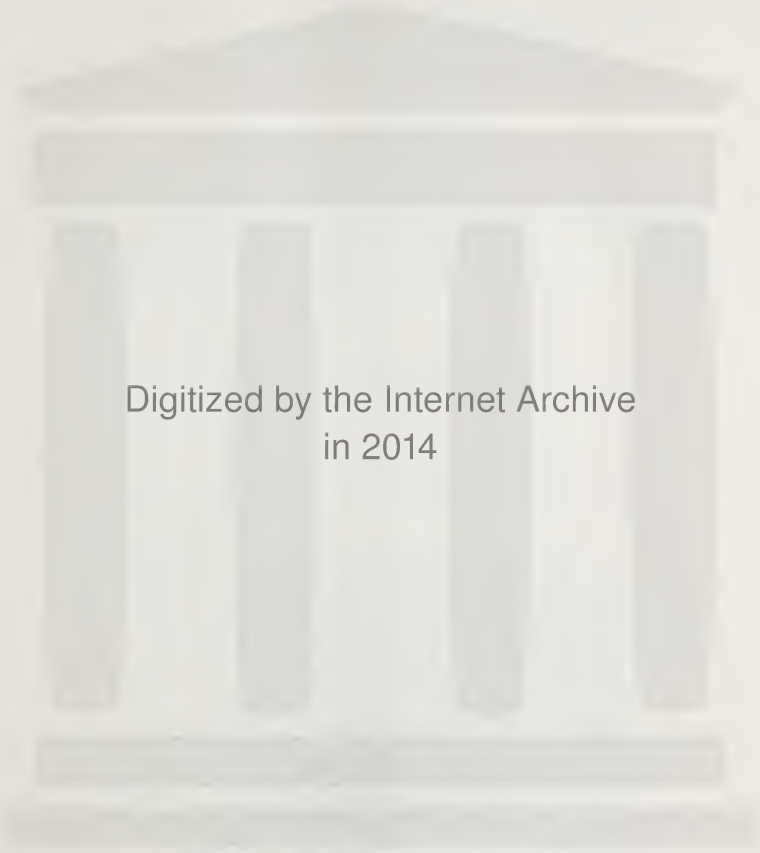

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CELEBRATION

OF THE

DECENNIAL ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

FOUNDING OF NEW SWEDEN,

MAINE,

JULY 23, 1880.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

ANDREW WIREN, NILS OLSSON, AND N. P. CLASÉ,

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION.

1881.

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NEW SWEDEN DECENNIAL

1870 JULY 23 1880

FRIDAY, July 23, 1880, was a notable day in the history of New Sweden. It was the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Swedish settlement in the woods of Maine, and the Swedes had long been making preparations to commemorate the event with fitting ceremonies.

The day dawned gloomily. A dull rain fell from a leaden sky. But the rain soon ceased, and at an early hour people began to gather together in the great central clearing of New Sweden, where stand the capitol, the church, the store, and the parsonage. The first comers were Swedes, but their American and Canadian friends soon came flocking in from the surrounding country. The main road into the town soon became crowded with an almost continuous line of carriages. To New Sweden everybody was going, and in every sort of vehicle. There were wagons and hay-racks, coaches and carts, drags and buck-boards. There were Swedish teams from the colony, French vehicles from the upper St. John, Bluenose turn-outs from Canada, and Yankee wagons from everywhere

around. Mingled with these were elegant carriages, drawn by noble spans of horses, for which Aroostook county is justly celebrated.

For hours the steady stream of vehicles poured along the road from Caribou to New Sweden. A Miss Brown, of Woodland, sat at the window of her house, and with slate in hand kept tally of the passers-by. She counted 492 carriages containing 1448 persons, that drove past her house that morning into New Sweden. Add to these the number of foot travelers, those who came by other roads or through the woods, the Swedes from outside the colony who came in the day before, and the 787 members of the colony itself, and it is certain that over 3000 persons were present and took part in the decennial celebration at New Sweden.

Four hundred invited guests had started the day before by rail from the older sections of the state outside of Aroostook county. Their goodly numbers overtaxed the capacity of the New Brunswick Railway. They were kept up all night in crowded cars, while the good people of Caribou sat up all night waiting to receive them. At last in the gray dawn, the train of four hundred belated travelers was hauled in sections into the depot at Caribou, and sulky and grim, in a drizzling rain they drove to their lodgings.

At ten o'clock, however, after a nap and a cup of coffee, these visitors forgot the fatigues of the night, and were joining the long procession driving into the Swedish woods.

By this time New Sweden, from the capitol to the church, was literally full of people in gala-day attire, among whom the Swedish girls, with their national head-

dress of a deeply fringed silk kerchief, formed a striking and picturesque feature.

A triumphal arch of evergreen had been erected across the road in front of the church. On each side of the arch was a flagstaff, likewise decorated with evergreen; while to the right was drawn up the company of Swedish cadets under command of Captain Lars Nylander. Everybody was eagerly awaiting the arrival of the guests of the day.

Among the honored guests who joined in the celebration, and were now driving toward New Sweden, may be mentioned

Hon. DANIEL F. DAVIS, Governor of Maine.

Hon. ROSCOE L. BOWERS,
Hon. FREDERICK ROBIE,
Hon. JOSEPH T. HINKLEY,
Hon. WILLIAM WILSON,
Hon. JAMES G. PENDLETON,
Hon. LEWIS BARKER,
Hon. SAMUEL N. CAMPBELL,
} The entire Executive Council.

Hon. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, United States Senator.
Gen. JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN, Ex-governor of Maine.
Hon. THOMAS B. REED, Member of Congress.
Hon. LLEWELLYN POWERS, Ex-member of Congress.
Col. JAMES M. STONE, Ex-speaker Maine House of Reps.
Hon. SUMNER J. CHADBOURNE, Secretary of State.
Hon. C. A. PACKARD, State Land Agent.
Hon. WILLIAM SENTER, Mayor of Portland.
Hon. W. W. THOMAS, Senior, Ex-mayor of Portland.
Gen. HENRY G. THOMAS, United States Army.
GEORGE A. THOMAS, Esq., of Portland.
Prof. F. A. ROBINSON, of Kents Hill.
ALBERT A. BURLEIGH, Esq., of Houlton.

Jacob Hardison, Esq., of Caribou.
Hon. L. R. King, of Caribou.
Hon. John S. Arnold, of Caribou.
W. A. Vaughan, Esq., of Caribou.
Judah D. Teague, Esq., of Caribou.
Hon. Jesse Drew, of Fort Fairfield.
Rev. Daniel Stickney, of Presque Isle.
Rev. G. M. Parks, of Presque Isle.

The press was represented by

Hon. Isaac H. Bailey, of the Shoe and Leather Reporter, New York.
Stanley T. Pullen, Esq., of the Portland Press.
Capt. C. A. Boutelle, and Howard Owen, Esq., of the Bangor Whig and Courier.
Dr. W. P. Lapham, of the Maine Farmer.
C. Couilliard and Winfield S. Nevins, Esqs., of the Boston Herald.
J. Swett Rowe, Esq., of the Boston Journal.
Benjamin D. Hill, Esq., of the Boston Traveller.
Albert C. Wiggin, Esq., of the Bangor Commercial.
E. L. Warren, Esq., of the Kennebec Journal.
S. W. Mathews, Esq., of the Aroostook Republican.

Nearly all these gentlemen were accompanied by ladies.

At last the carriage of Hon. W. W. Thomas jr., the founder of the colony, followed by the carriages of the Governor, the Council, and other distinguished guests, drives across the boundary line from Woodland into New Sweden; a salute is fired by the Swedish cadets, the stars and stripes and the yellow cross of Sweden sail proudly into position at the top of the flagstaffs on either side of the evergreen arch, and the sweet tones of the church

bell float out for the first time over the woods and clearings of New Sweden.

At the triumphal arch the guests of the day are received by the Swedish cadets and escorted under the arch and down the road to the capitol.

That was a strange sight in the woods of Maine. First came the band, playing a martial air, next the Swedish cadets marching like veterans, then the carriage of the founder of the colony, followed by a long line of carriages containing the Governor, Council, and distinguished visitors. Three thousand people, Swedes, Americans, Canadians, and French, filled the great central clearing and cheered on the procession, the flags of Sweden and America floated loyally side by side, the church bell rang a merry peal, all around stood the primeval forest in silent, majestic lines, while the sun, breaking forth from between the clouds of morning, shone down upon us like a happy augury, and gave tone and color to the scene.

The procession halts in front of the capitol. The cadets draw themselves up on either side of the way, present arms, and shout

"*Lefve Konsul Thomas*,"

(Long live Consul Thomas),

"*Lefve Koloniens Välgöraren*,"

(Long live the benefactor of the colony),

"*Lefve Koloniens Grundläggaren*,"

(Long live the founder of the colony),

"*Lefve Governoren of Maine*,"

(Long live the Governor of Maine).

A cheer goes up from the great throng of Swedes crowding around. Then Nils Olsson, one of the first colonists and the first lay preacher of New Sweden, steps out

into the open space between the two lines of cadets and welcomes the guests of the day in a short speech in Swedish, of which the following is a translation:

ADDRESS OF WELCOME OF NILS OLSSON.

In behalf of the Swedish people, men, women, and children, I bid you, Consul Thomas, and all the gentlemen and ladies in your company, a cordial welcome to New Sweden, upon this tenth anniversary of the day when you led us into these woods. We Swedes feel grateful and not a little surprised that we are deemed worthy of a visit from so many of the most honorable citizens of Maine. For this visit, and for the many acts of kindness extended to us Swedes—although strangers in a strange land—by the State of Maine and its citizens, ever since we first crossed your borders, we now return our heartfelt thanks.

The guests now alight from their carriages and pass between the files of Swedish cadets. Then Mr. Thomas replies to the address of welcome from the threshold of the capitol. The cadets march forward, form a line directly in front, and present arms. The colonists crowd around with eager interest. Mr. Thomas spoke in Swedish. The substance of his remarks translated into English is as follows:

RESPONSE BY HON. W. W. THOMAS JR.

Swedish colonists, my comrades in the woods of Maine, my countrymen,—from my heart I thank you for this royal reception to your guests of to-day. I am proud of you and of the great work you have done in these forests. You little band that entered these woods with me ten years ago

this very hour, and all you that have followed after, I know your trials, your toils, your hardships, and your privations. I know, too, your courage, your hope, your industry, and your perseverance, and to-day I see your victory. And not I alone, but the Governor and Council of our State, and many of the most distinguished citizens of Maine, are here to-day to see and bear witness to the great results of your labors.

And you, Captain Nylander; and you, Swedish soldiers on American soil, I thank you for the part you have so well taken in the observances of this day. In your veins flows the blood of the vikings. Yonder float the flags of Sweden and America. Should ever foes without or foes within threaten this free land of ours, let the old beserker rage fire your hearts, and may you fight in defense of the stars and stripes as gallantly as the soldiers of Sweden have ever fought for the yellow cross of the Northland. My Swedish brethren, one and all, again I thank you.

Mr. Thomas' remarks were received by the Swedes with loud and long-continued applause. As soon as order was restored, Mr. Thomas introduced Gov. Daniel F. Davis, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF HON. DANIEL F. DAVIS, GOVERNOR OF MAINE.

Fellow-citizens of New Sweden,—I assure you that it gives me great pleasure to visit your beautiful town, and to meet you all as I do to-day; to see what I have long known about, but have never viewed with my own eyes before. It is an occasion of the greatest importance to you. For the many blessings and privileges which you

enjoy, for your fertile farms and happy homes, you must thank the country and the gentleman who has just spoken to you in your own language. To him you owe it all. Now, my countrymen (for I greet you as such, and I was particularly impressed, as I rode along and saw the colors of Sweden and of the United States blending together in graceful harmony) it is the boast of our institutions that we are able to make citizens with a common reverence for the stars and stripes, out of all kinds of material. Over every foot of our territory the stars and stripes wave over a people with equal rights before the law. I congratulate you upon the success which has attended your efforts, and has greeted your industry and perseverance since you came to Maine, and also for your good behavior. I want to say one word more in regard to our country. We have our state government to which we owe our allegiance, but over that and grander than that we owe an allegiance to the great nation of which the state is only a part. I want to impress upon you one other point,—our law gives to your boy an equal chance with my own. In this land of liberty of ours there is resting upon every individual, whether of native or foreign birth, burdens commensurate with our liberties. See that the state and the nation suffer no wrong from your hands. I wish you joy and happiness upon this occasion, and a prosperous future.

Three cheers were given for Gov. Davis. The procession then reformed, and escorted by the band and the Swedish cadets, countermarched to the church.

EXERCISES IN THE SWEDISH CHURCH.

The church was filled to overflowing. The aisles and

every foot of standing room were crowded. The windows were all thrown wide open, and hundreds of people were accommodated with seats out of doors, on long benches of plank, which flanked the church on either side, while a still larger number stood around. The governor, council, speakers, and their ladies were seated in front to the right of the pulpit. To the left on a raised platform was placed the Swedish choir, led by Mrs. Gottlieb Piltz, while immediately below was Jones' band, of Caribou.

At twelve o'clock the exercises in the church opened with the singing of a Swedish song by the choir,

"Our land, our land, our foster-land."

Prayer was next offered by Rev. G. M. PARK, of Presque Isle.

A selection was played by the band.

Then the Swedish pastor, Rev. ANDREW WIREN, said:

I will now introduce to you the father of the children in the woods, the Hon. W. W. Thomas jr., of Portland.

After the applause which greeted Mr. Thomas had subsided, he delivered the following oration:

HISTORICAL ORATION BY HON. W. W. THOMAS JR., FOUNDER OF NEW SWEDEN.

Ten years ago New Sweden was an unbroken wilderness.

The primeval forest covered all the land, stretching away over hill and dale as far as the eye could reach. No habitation of civilized man had ever been erected in these vast northern woods; through their branches the smoke from settler's cabin had never curled; in their depths the blows of settler's axe had never resounded. Here roamed

the moose, and prowled the bear, and here the silence of midnight was broken by the hooting of the arctic owl.

To-day New Sweden is the happy home of nearly eight hundred industrious, contented people.

We are now convened within its borders, not in the forest gloom, but in this Christian church. All around us are pleasant fields, where the tall grain waves in the summer breeze. Sleek cattle and heavy-fleeced sheep graze in the pastures. Beyond, cut out of the solid woods, great clearings open to the sun on every hand. They are dotted with the cottages of the pioneer, and checkered into green and golden squares with the varying crops. School-houses open their doors for the children, and from the tower above us, the sound of the church-going bell floats over clearing and cottage, and echoes through the aisles of the forest. Here are free schools, free church, free speech, and the free worship of God.

And those who have wrought this great change—the hardy pioneers, whose hands we have taken and into whose honest faces we now look—are not "to the manner born," but came to us from another continent, four thousand miles away over the ocean.

Truly the story of New Sweden forms an unique chapter in the history of Maine. This story it is my purpose briefly and faithfully to narrate upon this day, which we, both Swedes and Americans, have met together to celebrate—the decennial anniversary of the founding of New Sweden in the woods of Maine.

Maine is a state of great, but largely undeveloped, resources. Our sea-coast, notched all over with harbors, invites the commerce of the globe; our rivers offer sufficient power to run the factories of the nation, while our

quarries can supply the world with building material. There is also within our borders a wilderness domain, whereon is not a settler, larger in area than the State of Massachusetts, covered with a stately forest of valuable trees, possessing a soil of unusual depth and fertility, and watered by plentiful streams. Indeed the entire Commonwealth of Massachusetts could be dropped into our northern forests without hitting a human being, and no soul of us would be aware we had received so important an addition to our state. On this vast and fertile territory Maine for many years has offered everybody a farm, virtually as a gift.

And yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, Maine decreased in population from 1860 to 1870; and that, too, when every other state in the Republic, with the single exception of New Hampshire, increased in numbers.

In that decade, the United States gained twenty-five per cent, or over seven and a half millions, while Maine fell off from 628,279 to 626,915 in population, making a net loss of 1,364 in the number of her citizens.

Yet what element of empire do we lack? Fertile lands, exhaustless quarries, noble rivers, colossal water power, and harbors countless and unrivaled, all are ours. We lack labor to utilize the resources lying waste around us. Men are the wealth of a state. We lack men.

The necessity of Maine was the cause of New Sweden.

In locality, Maine is an Eastern state; in her needs she is like a state of the West. Yet while the Western states were advancing in population hundreds of thousands, Maine had paused and gone backward. Was this a momentary halt in our advance, or was it the beginning of our decline? This was a question of grave import. States, like men, cannot stand still, they must grow or decay.

Immigration was evidently our remedy. Immigration was building up the West, and had long been one of the chief sources of wealth to our country. Since the war, there had arrived in the United States more than three hundred thousand immigrants a year. What a grand army of labor, three hundred thousand strong—a regiment a day—which every year sailed over the ocean to our shores, to help subdue our forests, reclaim our wild lands, open our mines, build our cities and railroads, and in every way develop the great resources of our own broad land.

It is estimated that these immigrants are worth one thousand dollars each to our country as a producing force. Three hundred millions of dollars will thus represent the yearly tribute paid by the monarchies of the Old World to the republic of the New. And this valuable stream of immigration was all flowing past Maine to enrich the broad fields of the great West.

Could any portion of this immigration be secured for Maine? and, if so, which nationality could furnish immigrants best adapted to the climate and soil of our state?

It is an interesting fact, that with few exceptions, as the French in Canada, immigrants from Europe take up the same relative position in America they occupied in the continent of their birth. In fact there seem to be certain fixed isothermal lines between whose parallels the immigrants from the Old World are guided to their homes in the New. Thus the Germans from the center of Europe settle in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and our other middle states; the French and Spanish from southern Europe and the shores of the Mediterranean, make their homes in Louisiana, Florida, and all along the Gulf of Mexico; while the Scandinavians from the wooded north, fell the forest and

build their log-cabins in Wisconsin, Nebraska, Michigan, Minnesota—in our northern range of states—the Pine-tree state forms one of this northern, wooded range; Scandinavian immigration flows naturally to us.

Would they make good citizens, these men of the North? Yes, no one doubted that. A tall, stout, hardy race are these Northmen; inured to hardship, patient of labor, economical, religious, honest.

The matter found its first official utterance in 1861, in the message of Gov. Washburn, wherein the general subject of Scandinavian immigration was briefly presented to the attention of the legislature. This recommendation was followed by no immediate result. In 1864 an attempt was made by a company of Maine gentlemen to procure laborers from Sweden, but the undertaking proved a complete failure. The company shipped several hundred Swedes from Sweden, but not one of them ever arrived in Maine. The idea then slumbered until Gen. Chamberlain was called to the gubernatorial chair. He eloquently and persistently pressed the subject upon the attention of the legislature and the people. Interest in the question grew apace. It was a fruitful theme of discussion both in and out of legislative halls.

The desirability of Scandinavian immigration was at last quite generally conceded. But could we obtain it? and how? These were unsolved problems, and the doubters were many. For at that time a Swede was about as rarely to be met with in Maine as a Chinese.

The question was discussed by the Legislature of 1869, and on the twelfth of March of that year, a resolve was passed entitled: "A resolve designed to promote the settlement of the public and other lands in the state." It

provided for the appointment of three commissioners, a part of whose duty was "to ascertain what measures, if any, should be adopted by the state to induce settlements upon its unpeopled townships." The persons appointed on this commission were Hon. Parker P. Burleigh, your historian, and Hon. William Small.

This commission made a tour of observation and inquiry through Aroostook county in October of the same year, and presented a report to the legislature of 1870.

This report contains the first definite, practical plan for securing Scandinavian immigration to Maine. The plan was this:

1 Send a commissioner of the state of Maine to Sweden.

2 Let him there recruit a colony of young Swedish farmers—picked men—with their wives and children. No one, however, was to be taken unless he could pay his own passage and that of his family to Maine.

3 A Swedish pastor should accompany the colony, that religion might lend her powerful aid in binding the colony together.

4 Let the commissioner lead the colony in a body, all together, at one time, and aboard one ship, from Sweden to America. Thus would they be made acquainted with one another. Thus also would they have a leader to follow and be prevented from going astray.

5 Let the commissioner take the Swedes into our northern forests, locate them on Township No. 15, Range 3, west of the east line of the state, give every head of a family one hundred acres of woodland for a farm, and do whatever else might be necessary to root this Swedish colony firmly in the soil of Maine.

Then all state aid was to cease, for it was confidently

expected when once the colony was fast rooted in our soil, it would thrive and grow of itself, and throughout the future draw to Maine, our fair portion of the Swedish immigration to the United States.

In founding the Swedish colony of Maine this plan thus presented has been carried out in every detail to the letter.

This enterprise, though presented with confidence, was presented only as an experiment. The legislature entertained it only as such. The merits of the experiment, and its probable advantages to Maine, were placed before the House of Representatives by Col. James M. Stone, chairman of the committee on immigration, in an eloquent and exhaustive speech. Something ought certainly to be done. Nothing better was offered. So on March 23, 1870, an act was passed authorizing the experiment to be tried.

The act established a Board of Immigration, consisting of the governor, land agent, and secretary of state. On March 25, two days after the passage of the act, this board was pleased to appoint me commissioner of immigration. The fate of the Swedish experiment was thus placed in my hands.

Having successfully arranged all preliminary matters, I sailed from the United States April 30, and landed at Gothenburg, Sweden, on the 16th of May.

The problem now to be solved was this;—could a colony of intelligent, industrious Swedish farmers be induced to pay their own passage, and that of their wives and children, to a comparatively unknown state, four thousand miles away? I believed the problem admitted of a satisfactory solution, and went to work accordingly.

A head office was at once established at Gothenburg. Notices, advertisements, and circulars, describing our state

and the proposed immigration, were scattered broadcast over the country. Agents were employed to canvass the northern provinces, and as soon as the ball was fairly in motion, I left the office at Gothenburg in charge of Capt. G. W. Schröder, and traveled extensively in the interior of Sweden, distributing documents, and talking with the people in the villages, at their homes, by the roadside, and wherever or whenever I met them.

A previous residence of three years in Sweden had rendered me familiar with the language, customs, and traditions of the Swedes. Without this knowledge I could have done nothing. With it, I was enabled to preach a crusade to Maine. But the crusade was a peaceful one, its weapons were those of husbandry, and its object to recover the fertile lands of our state from the dominion of the forest.

To induce the right class of people to pay their way to settle among us, seemed indeed the most difficult part of the whole immigration enterprise. I therefore deemed it expedient to take this point for granted; and in all advertisements, conversations, and addresses, to dwell rather on the fact that, as only a limited number of families could be taken, none would be accepted unless they brought with them the highest testimonials as to character and proficiency in their callings.

The problem which was thus taken for granted soon began to solve itself. Recruits for Maine began to appear. All bore certificates of character under the hand and seal of the pastor of their district, and all who had worked for others brought recommendations from their employers. These credentials, however, were not considered infallible, some applicants were refused in spite of

them, and no one was accepted unless it appeared clear that he would make a good and thrifty citizen of our good state of Maine. In this way a little colony of picked men, with their wives and children, was quickly gathered together. The details of the movement, the arguments used, the objections met, the multitude of questions about our state asked and answered, would fill a volume. I was repeatedly asked if Maine was one of the United States. One inquirer wished to know if Maine lay alongside Texas, while another seeker after truth wrote, asking if there were to be found in Maine any wild horses or crocodiles. This ignorance is not to be wondered at, for what had Maine ever done prior to 1870 to make herself known in Sweden.

Neither was the colony recruited without opposition. Capital and privilege always strive to prevent the exodus of labor; and sometimes are reckless as to the means they use. It is sufficient, however, to state that all opposition was successfully silenced or avoided.

On June 23, the colonists, who had been recruited from nearly every province of Sweden, were assembled at Gothenburg; and on the evening of that day,—midsummer's eve, a Swedish festival,—I invited them and their friends to a collation at the Baptist hall in that city. Over two hundred persons were present, and after coffee and cake had been served, according to Swedish custom, addresses were made by S. A. Hedlund, Esq., member of the Swedish parliament, Capt. G. W. Schröder, the leader of the Baptist movement in Sweden, and your historian. The exercises were concluded by a prayer from pastor Trouvé. At this meeting the colonists were brought together and made acquainted, their purpose quickened and invigorated, and from that hour the bonds of common interest and destiny

have bound all the individuals into a community. Such a knowledge of Maine and its resources was also imparted by the speakers, that the very friends who before had sought to persuade the colonists not to desert their fatherland, exclaimed, "Ah, if I could only go too!"

In August, 1637, the Swedish ship of war "Key of Calmar," accompanied by a smaller vessel, the "Bird Griffin," set sail from Gothenburg for America, with a Swedish colony on board, which founded the first New Sweden in the New World, on the banks of the Delaware. Two hundred and thirty-three years later, at noon of Saturday, June 25, and just forty days after the landing of your historian in Sweden, he sailed from the same Gothenburg in the steamship "Orlando," in company with the first Swedish colonists of our state, who now left home and country and faced the perils of a voyage of four thousand miles, and the hardships and toils of making a new home in the wilderness of a strange land, without the scratch of a pen by way of contract or obligation, but with simple faith in the honor and hospitality of Maine.

The colony was composed of twenty-two men, eleven women, and eighteen children; in all fifty-one souls. All the men were farmers; in addition, some were skilled in trades and professions; there being among them a lay pastor, a civil engineer, a blacksmith, two carpenters, a basket-maker, a wheelwright, a baker, a tailor, and a wooden-shoe maker. The women were neat and industrious, tidy housewives, and diligent workers at the spinning-wheel and loom.

All were tall and stalwart, with blue eyes, light hair, and cheerful, honest faces; there was not a physical defect or blemish among them, and it was not without some feel-

ings of state pride that I looked upon them as they were mustered on the deck of the "Orlando," and anticipated what great results might flow from this little beginning for the good of Maine.

A heavy northwest gale, during the prevalence of which the immigrants were compelled to keep below, while the hatches were battened down over their heads, rendered our passage over the North Sea very disagreeable, and so retarded our progress that we did not reach the port of Hull till Monday evening, June 27. The next day we crossed England by rail to Liverpool. Here was an unavoidable delay of three days. On Saturday, July 2, we sailed in the good steamship "City of Antwerp," of the Inman line, for America.

The passage over the ocean was a pleasant one, and on Wednesday, July 13, we landed at Halifax. The good people of this city fought shy of us. Swedish immigration was as novel in Nova Scotia as in Maine. No hotel or boarding-house would receive us, and our colony was forced to pass its first night on this continent in a large vacant warehouse kindly placed at our disposal by the Messrs. Seaton, the agents of the Inman steamships. Next day we continued our journey across the peninsula of Nova Scotia and over the bay of Fundy to the city of St. John.

July 15 we ascended the St. John river to Fredericton by steamer. Here steam navigation ceased on account of the lowness of the water, but two river tow-boats were chartered, the colony and their baggage placed on board, and at five o'clock on the morning of Saturday, July 16, our colony was *en route* again. Each boat was towed up the St. John river by two horses. The boats frequently grounded, and the progress up stream was slow and toil-

some. The weather was fine, and the colonists caught fish from the river, and picked berries along the banks.

Near Florenceville the first misfortune befell us. Here on Tuesday, July 19, died Hilma C. Clasé, infant daughter of Capt. Nicholas P. Clasé, aged nine months. Her little body was properly embalmed, placed in a quickly constructed coffin, and brought on with the colony. "We cannot leave our little one by the way," said the sorrow-stricken parents, "we will carry her through to our new home."

On the afternoon of Thursday, July 21, the tow-boats reached Tobique Landing. Six days had been spent in towing up from Fredericton. The journey is now accomplished by railroad in as many hours. All along our route from Halifax to Tobique the inhabitants came out very generally to see the new comers, and there was an universal expression of regret, that so fine a body of immigrants should pass through the Provinces, instead of settling there. At Tobique the colonists debarked, and were met by Hon. Parker P. Burleigh, land agent and member of the board of immigration. We obtained lodgings for the colony on the hay in Mr. Tibbit's barn, and Mr. Burleigh and I, driving round from house to house, buying a loaf of bread here, a loaf there, a cheese in another place, and milk wherever it could be procured, got together supplies sufficient for supper and breakfast.

Friday morning, July 22, teams were provided for the Swedes and their baggage, and at eight o'clock the Swedish immigrant train started for Maine and the United States. The teams were furnished by and under the charge of Mr. Joseph Fisher of Fort Fairfield. Mr. Burleigh and your historian drove ahead in a wagon, then came a covered

carriage, drawn by four horses. This contained the women and children. Next were two three-horse teams with the men, followed by a couple of two-horse teams containing the baggage. So we wound over the hills and at ten o'clock reached the iron post that marks the boundary between the dominions of the queen, and the United States.

Beneath us lay the broad valley of the Aroostook. The river glistened in the sun, and the white houses of Fort Fairfield shone brightly among the green fields along the river bank. As we crossed the line and entered the United States, the American flag was unfurled from the foremost carriage, and we were greeted with a salute of cannon from the village of Fort Fairfield. Mr. Burleigh stepped from the wagon and in an appropriate speech welcomed the colony to Aroostook County, Maine, and the United States. I translated the speech and the train moved on. Cheers, waving of handkerchiefs, and every demonstration of enthusiasm greeted us on our way.

Shortly after crossing the line an incident occurred which showed of what stuff the Swedes were made. In ascending a hill the horses attached to one of the immigrant wagons became balky, backed the wagon into the ditch, and upset it, tipping out the load of baggage. The Swedes instantly sprang from the carriages in which they were riding, unhitched the horses, righted the wagon, and in scarcely more time than it takes to tell it, reloaded their ton and a half of baggage, and then ran the wagon by hand to the top of the hill. This was the first act of the Swedes in Maine.

At noon we reached the town hall at Fort Fairfield. A gun announced our arrival. Here a halt was made. A

multitude of people received us. The Swedes got out of the wagons and clustered together by themselves, a little shy in the presence of so many strangers. The assembly was called to order by A. C. Cary, Esq., and a meeting organized by the choice of Hon. Isaac Hacker as chairman. Mr. Hacker after some pertinent remarks introduced Judge William Small, who welcomed the Swedish immigrants in a judicious, elaborate, and eloquent address. He was followed by the Rev. Daniel Stickney of Presque Isle in a stirring and telling speech. The remarks of these gentlemen were then given to the Swedes in their own tongue by your historian, after which at the request of the Swedes I expressed their gratitude at the unexpected and generous hospitality of the citizens of Aroostook. The Swedes were then invited to a sumptuous collation in the town hall. The tables groaned with good things. There were salmon, green peas, baked beans, pies, pudding, cake, raspberries, coffee, and all in profusion.

At two o'clock the Swedes resumed their journey, gladdened by the welcome and strengthened by the repast so generously given them by the good people of Fort Fairfield. The procession passed up the fertile valley of the Aroostook—the stars and stripes still waved "at the fore." Many citizens followed in wagons. Along the route every one turned out to get a good look at the new comers. A Swedish youth of twenty struck up an acquaintance with an American young man of about the same age. It mattered not that the Yankee did not speak a word of Swedish, nor the Swede a word of English, they chattered away at each other, made signs, nodded and laughed as heartily as though they understood it all. Then they picked leaves, decorated each other with leafy garlands,

and putting their arms around one another marched along at the head of the procession, singing away in the greatest good fellowship, as good friends as though they had known each other for a lifetime, and perfectly regardless of the little fact that neither of them could speak a word the other could understand. Youth and fraternity were to them a common language, and overleaped the confusion of tongues.

As the immigrant train halted on a hill top, I pointed out the distant ridges of this township rising against the sky. "*Det utlofvade Landet*"—"The promised land"—shout the Swedes, and a cheer goes along the line.

Late in the afternoon we reached the bridge over the Aroostook river. A salute of cannon announced our approach. Here we were met by a concourse of five hundred people with a fine brass band of sixteen pieces, and escorted into the picturesque village of Caribou. Hon. John S. Arnold delivered an address of welcome, and the citizens invited us to a bountiful supper in Arnold's hall, where also the settlers passed the night. At this supper one of the good ladies of Caribou happened to wait upon our worthy land agent, and getting from him a reply in a language she understood, was overjoyed and exclaimed, "Why, you speak very good English for a Swede!"

Next morning the Swedish immigrant train was early in motion accompanied by some one hundred and fifty citizens of the vicinity. One farmer along the route put out tubs of cold water for our refreshment. I thanked him for this. "Oh, never mind," he replied, "all I wanted was to stop the Swedes long enough to get a good look at them." We soon passed beyond the last clearing of the American pioneer and entered the deep woods. Our long line of

wagons slowly wound its way among the stumps of the newly cut wood road, and penetrated a forest which now for the first time was opened for the abode of man.

At twelve o'clock, noon, of Saturday, July 23, 1870, just four months from the passage of the act authorizing this enterprise, and four weeks from the departure of the immigrants from Sweden, the first Swedish colony of our state arrived at its new home in the wilds of Maine. We called the spot NEW SWEDEN, a name at once commemorative of the past and auspicious of the future. Here in behalf of the state of Maine I bade a welcome and God speed to these far travelers, our future citizens, and here at the southwest corner of these cross roads, within a stone's throw of where we now sit, under a camp of bark and by the side of a rill of pure spring water, Swedes and Americans broke bread together, and the colonists ate their first meal on this township in the shadow of the forest primeval.

I believe there is no better town in Maine for agricultural purposes than New Sweden. On every hand the land rolls up into gentle hard-wood ridges, covered with a stately growth of maple, birch, beech, and ash. In every valley between these ridges flows a brook, and along its banks grow the spruce, fir, and cedar. The soil is a rich, light loam, overlying a hard layer of clay, which in turn rests upon a ledge of rotten slate, with perpendicular rift. The ledge seldom crops out, and the land is remarkably free from stones.

New Sweden lies in latitude 47° north, about the same latitude as the city of Quebec. The boundaries of this township were run by J. Norris, Esq., in 1859. It was then designated as Township No. 15, Range 3, west of the

east line of the state, which name it bore for twenty-one years, until the advent of the Swedes. Subsequently the township was set apart by the state for settlement, and in 1861 the best part of the town was run out into lots for settlers. These lots contained about 160 acres each. The state surveying party consisted of Hon. B. F. Cutter, of Standish, surveyor, A. P. Files, Esq., of Gorham, chainman, Hon. L. C. Flint, of Abbot, explorer, and three assistants. The work was commenced the last of August, 1861, and finished October 22 of the same year. This surveying party found a cedar tree marked by J. Norris in 1859 as the southeast corner of the town, and the lotting of the town was begun at a cedar post standing two links southwest of this cedar tree, which post was marked "T. No. 15, R. 3, Lot 144, B. F. Cutter, 1861, " (the latter character being Cutter's private mark).

Thus in 1861 the state of Maine offered to everybody his choice of the lots in this township, each lot containing 160 acres. The offer was made under our settling laws, which did not require the payment of a dollar, only the performance of a certain amount of road labor and other settling duties, which made the lot virtually a gift from the state to the settler. This offer of the lots in this town virtually for nothing remained open to everybody for nine years. Yet not a single lot was taken up. For nine long years no one was found willing to accept a lot of land in this town as a gift, provided he was required to make his home upon it. Can any citizen of Maine complain that a colony from over the ocean took possession of the very land, which he for nine years had refused to accept as a gift?

And this is not all. Not only was New Sweden without a settler on the morning of July 23, 1870, but several of the lots in the northern portion of Woodland plantation, lying nearest to New Sweden, which lots had, years before, been taken up by settlers, and on which clearings had been made, houses built, and crops raised, were now deserted by their owners, the houses with windows and doors boarded up, and the clearings commencing to grow up again to forest. Such was the condition of the last clearings the Swedish colony passed through on its way into these woods. These clearings are now settled by Swedes and smile with abundant harvests.

The American pioneer, who abandoned the clearing nearest New Sweden is happily with us to-day, and joins in these festivities with wondering eyes. Within an hour Mr. George F. Turner has told me of his attempt to settle in these woods. He came from Augusta in the spring of 1861, and took up lot No. 7, in Woodland. Here he lived for seven years, built a house and barn, and cleared thirty-five acres of land. But there were no roads. If his wife wished to visit the village he was forced to haul her through the woods on a sled even in summer. No new settlers came in. His nearest neighbors, Dominicus Harmon and Frank Record, left their places and moved out to Caribou. Still he held on for two years more alone in the woods. At last in the fall of 1868 he abandoned the clearing where he had toiled for seven long years, and moved out to civilization.

"I left," says Mr. Turner, "because in the judgment of every one, there was no prospect for the settlement of this region. The settlers around me were abandoning their

clearings. Every one said I was a fool to stay, and I at last thought so myself, and left. Little did I expect to live to see this day."

The tide of settlement was ebbing away from these woods, when a wave from across the Atlantic turned the ebb to flood. It has been flood tide ever since.

The Board of Immigration of 1870 very prudently refrained from making any preparation for the proposed colony until it knew the result of my mission to Sweden. When, however, it appeared from my letters that this mission was a success, and that a Swedish colony would surely come to Maine, the Board at once set about making suitable preparations for the reception of the Swedes. This duty devolved upon Hon. Parker P. Burleigh of the Board, and it is fortunate the work fell to such tried and able hands. In the latter part of June, 1870, Mr. Burleigh proceeded to Aroostook county. Here he instituted a relotting of this township, reducing the size of the lots from 160 acres, which for nine years had been offered to Americans, with no takers, to lots of 100 acres each for the Swedes. The surveying party was under the charge of that old and experienced state surveyor, the Hon. Noah Barker. Mr. Burleigh contracted with Hon. L. R. King and Hon. John S. Arnold, of Caribou, to fell five acres of forest on each of the twenty-five lots. He also cut a road into the township and commenced building twenty-five log-houses. In addition, Mr. Burleigh bought and forwarded to the township necessary supplies and tools for the colony, and in many ways rendered services indispensable to the success of the enterprise.

The Swedes had arrived much earlier than Mr. Burleigh anticipated. Only six of the log-houses had been built,

and these were but partly finished, only two of them having glass in the windows. On our arrival, the supplies and the commissioner of immigration were stowed in one house, and the Swedes and their baggage packed in the other five. So the colony passed its first night in New Sweden.

The next day was the Sabbath. The first religious service on the township was a sad one—the funeral of Hilma C. Clasé. The services were held at the bark camp at the corner, and were conducted by Rev. James Withee, of Caribou, an American Methodist. All the Swedes, and many families from Caribou attended the funeral of this little Swedish girl. We buried her north of the capitol on the public lot, in a spot we were forced to mark out as a cemetery on the very first day of the occupancy of this town. So peacefully slept in the wild green wood the only one who had perished by the way.

I had anticipated some difficulty in assigning homes to the settlers. Some farms were undoubtedly better than others. To draw lots for them seemed to be the only fair way of distribution; yet in so doing, friends from the same province, who had arranged to help each other in their work, might be separated by several miles. Every difficulty was finally avoided, by dividing the settlers into little groups of four friends each, and the farms into clusters of four, and letting each group draw a cluster, which was afterward distributed by lot among the members of the group. The division of farms was thus left entirely to chance, and yet friends and neighbors were kept together.

The drawing took place Monday afternoon, July 25. With but two exceptions, every one was satisfied, and these two were immediately made happy by exchanging

with each other. When this exchange was effected, every Swede was convinced that just the right lot had fallen to him, and was enabled to find something or other about his possessions which in his eye made it superior to all others. So surely does ownership beget contentment.

After the homesteads were thus distributed, Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Barker, and myself, took the Swedes to a hillside chopping, northeast of the cross roads, and showed them the vast woodland wilderness of Maine stretching away unbroken to the horizon, and awaiting the ax and plow of the settler. "Here is room enough for all our friends in old Sweden," said the Swedes.

Tuesday morning, July 26, the Swedes commenced the great work of converting a forest into a home, and that work has gone happily on, without haste and without rest, to this day.

Much remained to be done by the state. The Swedes, too, must be supplied with food till they could harvest their first crop. To put them in the way of earning their living by their labor was a natural suggestion. I therefore at once set the Swedes at work felling trees, cutting out roads, and building houses, allowing them one dollar a day for their labor, payable in provisions, tools, etc. The prices of these necessaries were determined by adding to the first cost the expense of transportation, plus ten per cent for breakage and leakage.

Capt. N. P. Clasé, a Swede who spoke our language, and could keep accounts in single entry in English, was then placed in charge of the storehouse. He opened an account with every settler, charging each with all goods received from the store. Every Swedish working party was placed under a foreman, who kept in a book furnished

him the time of each man. These time-books were handed in once a week to Capt. Clasé, the store-keeper, and the men credited with their work at the rate of one dollar a day. The Swedes thus did the work which the state would otherwise have been compelled to hire other laborers to do, and were paid in the very provisions which otherwise the state would have been compelled to give them. By this arrangement, also, all jealousy was avoided with regard to the distribution of rations; and in their consumption the rigid Swedish economy was always exercised, which could hardly have been the case if food had fallen to them like manna, without measure or price.

All through summer and fall there was busy work in this wilderness. The primeval American forest rang from morn till eve with the blows of the Swedish axe. The prattle of Swedish children and the song of Swedish mothers made unwonted music in the wilds of Maine. One cloudless day succeeded another. The heats of summer were tempered by the woodland shade in which we labored. New clearings opened out, and new log-houses were rolled up on every hand. Odd bits of board, and the happily twisted branches of trees were quickly converted into needed articles of furniture. Rustic bedsteads, tables, chairs, and the omnipresent cradle, made their appearance in every house; and Swedish industry and ingenuity soon transformed every log-cabin into a home.

One hundred acres of forest were granted each settler; a chopping of five acres had been made on each lot. In nearly every instance, the trees were felled on the contiguous corners of four lots, and a square chopping of twenty acres made around the point where four lots met, five acres of which belonged to each of the four farms. The largest

possible amount of light and air was thus let into each lot, and the settlers were better enabled to help one another in clearing. As the choppings had not yet been burnt over, the houses were built outside them, and being placed in couples on the opposite sides of the road, every household had a near neighbor. Nearly every habitation was also within easy distance of a spring of living water.

The houses built by the state in New Sweden were all of uniform pattern. They were designed by our able and efficient land agent, Hon. P. P. Burleigh, and erected under the immediate superintendence of Jacob Hardison and Judah D. Teague, Esqs. They were built of peeled logs; were 18x26 feet on the ground, one and a half stories high, seven feet between floors, and had two logs above the second floor beams, which, with a square pitch roof, gave ample room for chambers. The roofs were covered with long shaved shingles of cedar, made by hand on the township. The space on the ground floor was divided off, by partitions of unplaned boards, into one general front room 16x18 feet, one bedroom 10 feet square, and pantry adjoining, 8x10 feet. On this floor were four windows; one was also placed in the front gable end above. In the general room of each house was a second-size Hampden cooking stove, with a funnel running out through an iron plate in the roof. On the whole, these log-cabins in the woods were convenient and comfortable structures; they presented a pleasing appearance from without, and within were full of contentment and industry.

It was of course too late for a crop. Yet I wished to give the Swedes an ocular demonstration that something eatable would grow on this land. There was a four acre

chopping on the public lot; this had been partially burnt over by an accidental spark from the camp fire at the corner. On this chopping seven Swedes were set at work on July 26 junking and hand-piling the prostrate trees. Mr. Burleigh with axe and hands assisted in rolling up the first pile. Good progress was made, and the next day, Wednesday, July 27, we set fire to the piles and sent a young lad, Master Haines Hardison, on horseback, out to the American settlements in quest of English turnip seed and teeth for a harrow.

On July 28 we explored with the surveying party an old tote road running from the Turner place (one of the abandoned American farms in Woodland) out to Philbrick's corner, on the road to Caribou. We found the tote road cut off three-quarters of a mile of the distance to the village, saved a hard hill and a long pole bridge, and gave a good level route. We at once put the tote road in repair and used it exclusively. The present turnpike to Caribou follows substantially the route of this road from the Turner place, now occupied by Jonas Bodin, across Caribou stream to Philbrick's.

Friday, July 29, we sowed two acres on the public lot to English turnips. This was the first land cleared and the first crop sowed in New Sweden. The land was hand-piled, burnt, cleared, and sowed within six days after the arrival of the colony. The turnips were soon up, and grew luxuriantly, and in November we secured a large crop of fair size, many of the turnips being fifteen inches in circumference. I am well aware that the turnip is regarded as a very cheap vegetable, but to us who were obliged to haul in everything eaten by man or beast eight miles over rough roads, this crop was of great assistance.

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Furthermore it gave the Swedes a tangible proof of the fertility of the soil.

On this day the first letters were received; two from old Sweden, directed to Oscar Lindberg. Four basket bottomed chairs for headquarters were hauled in on top of a load of goods—the first chairs in New Sweden, and Harvey Collins, the teamster, brought in word that a Swedish immigrant was at Caribou on his way in.

July 30, Saturday, Anders Westergren, a Swede thirty-nine years of age, came in and joined the colony. He sailed as seaman in a vessel from Philadelphia to Bangor, there he took up a paper containing notice of New Sweden, and immediately came through to us. He was the first immigrant after the founding of the colony. A stalwart man and skilled in the use of the broad-ax he rendered valuable aid in building hewed timber houses.

On this day Mr. Burleigh left us, after a week's efficient help. The fame of the colony was spreading. I received a letter of inquiry from seven Swedes in Bloomington, Illinois.

On July 31, the second Sabbath, Nils Olsson, the Swedish lay preacher, held public religious services in the Swedish language at the corner camp.

Tuesday, August 2, the immigrants wrote a joint letter to Sweden, delaring that the State of Maine had kept its faith with them in every particular; that the land was fertile, the climate pleasant, the people friendly, and advising their countrymen emigrating to America to come to the New Sweden in Maine. This letter was published in full in all the leading journals throughout Sweden.

The only animals taken into the woods by the colony were two kittens, picked up by Swedish children on our

drive in from Tobique. On Wednesday, August 3, a cock and three hens were brought in to Capt. Clasé. These were the first domestic fowl on the township. They soon picked up an acquaintance with two wild squirrels, who became so tame that they ate meal out of the same dish with the fowl.

Friday, August 12, the second immigrant arrived in the colony. He was a native American, a good sized boy baby, born to Korno, wife of Nils Persson, the first child born in New Sweden. The youngster is alive and well to-day. He rejoices in the name of William Widgery Thomas Persson, and is happy in contemplation of the constitutional fact that he is eligible to the office of President of the United States.

On Friday, August 19, Anders Malmqvist arrived from Sweden via Quebec and Portland. He was a farmer and student, twenty-two years of age, and the first immigrant to us direct from the old country.

Sunday afternoon, August 21, Jöns Persson was united in marriage to Hannah Persdotter by your historian. The marriage ceremony was conducted in the Swedish language, but according to American forms. In the evening was a wedding dinner at the Perssons. All the spoons were of solid silver. This was the first wedding in New Sweden.

Thus within one month from the arrival of the colony, it experienced the three great events in the life of man—birth, marriage, death.

Between August 10 and 20 nearly all the choppings were fired. On some, good burns were obtained, and nothing but the trunks and larger branches of the trees left unconsumed on the ground; the fire merely flashed over others, leaving behind the whole tangled mass of

branches, trunks, and twigs to fret the settler. From this time forward till snow fell, every Swede that could be spared from the public works was busily engaged from sunrise to sunset with axe and brand on his clearing, "junking," piling, and burning the logs—clearing the land for a crop. New Sweden became a land-mark for twenty miles around. From her hills arose "a pillar of cloud by day" and "a pillar of fire by night."

By September 15 large patches of land were successfully burnt off and cleared, and the Swedes commenced sowing an acre or half-acre each with winter wheat or rye. Sixteen acres in all were sowed with rye and four with wheat.

Meanwhile the colony steadily increased. Now and then a Swedish immigrant dropped in, took up a lot, received an axe and went to work. September 14 a detachment of twelve arrived, and October 31 twenty more followed, direct from Sweden. There were two more births, and on November 5 your historian saddled his horse, rode through the woods and stumps to the West Chopping, and officiated at the second marriage, uniting in the bonds of matrimony Herr Anders Frederick Johansson to Jungfru Ofelia Albertina Leonora Amelia Ericsson.

The spirit of colonization possessed even the fowl. Although at an untimely season of the year, one of Capt. Clasé's hens stole a nest under a fallen tree in the woods, and on September 24, came back proudly leading eleven chickens. Game was plenty. Your historian caught hundreds of trout in the lakes beyond the northwest corner of the township, and shot scores of partridges while riding through the woods from clearing to clearing. This game was divided among the Swedes and made an agreeable diversion from the salt-pork diet of our camp life.

Every Sabbath, divine service was held by Nils Olsson, the Swedish lay minister, and a Sunday-school was soon started, which is still in successful operation.

By the wise forethought of Hon. Noah Barker, the surveyor of the township, a lot of fifty acres was reserved for public uses at the cross roads in the center of the settlement. Here, on the 20th of September, we commenced digging the cellar for a public building on a commanding slope of land at the cross roads. We began hewing out the frame and shaving shingles for the roof the same day. On Friday, October 7, we raised the frame. Work was pushed rapidly forward, and on Friday, November 4, four weeks from the raising, the house was finished with the exception of lathing and plastering, and the vane was placed in position on top of the tower 65 feet from the ground.

From the first, this structure has been called the "Capitol" by the Swedes. It is 30x45 feet on the ground; has a cellar walled up with hewed cedar 7 1-2 feet in the clear, is 20 feet stud, and divided into two stories each 10 feet high; in addition to which the upper story or hall gains five feet extra out of the roof. The first floor contains a storeroom 30 feet square, and two offices 15 feet square each. The second story is a hall 30x45 feet on the floor, 10 feet stud on the sides, arching up to 15 feet in the clear in the center.

This building stands on state land and is the property of the state of Maine. It was built in great part by Swedish labor in payment for food. In the large room below were stowed provisions and tools for the colony. The offices became the headquarters of the commissioner of immigration, and the hall has been used for ten years as a church, school-house, and general rallying place for the

colony. In the spring, too, when the immigrants flocked in, it served as a "Castle Garden," where the Swedish families slept, cooked and ate under a roof while they were selecting their lots and erecting a shelter of their own. The building was indispensable. It has been the heart of the colony. It at once gave character and stability to the settlement, encouraged every Swede in his labors, and has been of daily need and use.

The dwelling-houses erected by the state were built of round logs piled one on the other, with the spaces between open to wind and weather. On the eighteenth of October there raged a fierce storm of wind, sleet and rain. The wind whistled through the open log-houses, and all night long we could hear the crash of falling trees blown down by the gale. In the morning I found myself barricaded by a tall spruce that had fallen across my door-way, and my nearest neighbor arrived to tell me there were eight trees down across the road between his house and mine. Two good choppers soon cut out the fallen trees from the roads; but the storm warned us that winter was coming. So the Swedes ceased for a time clearing their land, and went to work fitting up their houses for winter. They first split out plank from the nearest spruce trees, and taking up the floor nailed a tight planked ceiling underneath the lower floor beams. The spaces between the beams were then compactly filled with dry earth and the floor-boards planed and re-placed. An upper ceiling of matched boards was now put on overhead, and the room made perfectly tight above and below. The walls of round logs were then hewed down inside and out, the interstices first "chinked up" with moss and then filled in with matched strips of cedar. The walls were thus made as even and

perpendicular as those of a timber house, and every building completely defended against the cold and blasts of winter.

Early in November, I secured places for the winter, among the farmers and lumbermen of the vicinity, for all the Swedes who wished to work out; thirty were thus supplied with labor at from ten to twenty dollars a month, including board and lodging. Supplies were hauled in for those families who were to pass the winter in the woods, and they were made as comfortable as possible.

On November 13 was held the first meeting at the capitol, and here the commissioner distributed to the colonists the certificates of their lots. They received them with eager eyes and greedy hands.

The state of Maine extended a helping hand to this infant colony and guarded it with fostering care. But in so doing the state only helped those who helped themselves. The Swedes did not come among us as paupers. The passage of the colony of the first year from Sweden to Maine cost over four thousand dollars, *every dollar of which was paid by the immigrants themselves.* They also carried into New Sweden over three thousand dollars in cash, and six tons of baggage.

Let this one fact be distinctly understood. The Swedish immigrants to Maine from first to last, from 1870 till to-day, have all paid their own passage to Maine. *The state has never paid a dollar, directly or indirectly, for the passage of any Swede to Maine.*

At the close of 1870, in reviewing the work already accomplished, it was found that every Swede that started from Scandinavia with your historian, or was engaged by him to follow after, had arrived in Maine and was settled

in New Sweden. No settler had left to make him a home elsewhere, but on the other hand our immigrants had already bought, paid for, and sent home to their friends across the water, five tickets from Sweden to Maine.

So healthy was the climate of our northern woods, that for the first year there was not a day's sickness of man, woman, or child, in New Sweden. The results of this enterprise to our state, which were thus achieved in 1870, the year of its inception, were briefly summed up in an official report as follows:

RESULTS IN 1870.

"A colony of one hundred and fourteen Swedes—fifty-eight men, twenty women, and thirty-six children—have paid their own passage from Sweden and settled on the wild lands of Maine.

"Seven miles of road have been cut through the forest; one hundred and eighty acres of woods felled; one hundred acres hand-piled, burnt off and cleared ready for a crop, and twenty acres sowed to winter wheat and rye. Twenty-six dwelling-houses and one public building have been built.

"A knowledge of Maine, its resources and advantages, has been scattered broadcast over Sweden; a portion of the tide of Swedish immigration turned upon our state, and a practical beginning made toward settling our wild lands and peopling our domain with the most hardy, honest and industrious of immigrants."

The winter of 1870–71 was safely and comfortably passed by the Swedes in these woods. They were accustomed to cold weather and deep snow. Their fires crackled

brightly and the festivities of Christmas time were observed as joyously in the Maine woods as in Old Sweden.

In the meantime, active and efficient measures were taken to increase the stream of immigration thus happily started. A circular was printed in Old Sweden describing the voyage of the first colonists, their generous and honorable welcome at the American border, the attractions, healthfulness and fertility of their new homes, the location, extent and productiveness of the settling lands of Maine, the advantages our state offered to settlers, interesting letters from the Swedish colonists already on our soil, and every other fact and suggestion which seemed appropriate or advantageous. This circular was issued early in December, 1870; a month in advance of the circulars of any other state or association. Five thousand copies were distributed, and the information they contained read and discussed at thousands of Swedish firesides during the most opportune time of all the year—The Christmas holidays.

Capt. G. W. Schröder was appointed agent in Old, and Capt. N P. Clasé in New Sweden. Large editions of circulars were struck off and distributed in the old country in quick succession; two columns of the "Amerika," a weekly emigrant's paper, were bought for six months and filled every week with new matter relating to Maine and her Swedish colony; advertisements were also inserted in all the principal newspapers taken by the agricultural and other working classes, and a brisk correspondence carried on with hundreds intending to emigrate to Maine.

A special agent was employed to travel and distribute information in the most northern provinces of Sweden, their population being deemed best fitted for our northern

state; and another agent, Mr. Carl Johan Ek, one of our first colonists, was sent back from New Sweden to the old, well equipped with maps, plans, specimens of Aroostook wheat, rye, corn and potatoes, also maple sugar made by the Swedes in New Sweden; for many in the old country had written "if one could only return to us, and with his own lips tell us what you narrate on paper, we would believe." This last agent was sent out without expense to the state, he charging nothing for his services, and the Inman Steamship Line generously furnishing him with a free passage out and back. A condensed circular was printed in Swedish at Portland, placed in the hands of the pilots of that harbor, and by them distributed on board the trans-Atlantic steamers, while yet miles away from land.

Seed thus well and widely sown was soon followed by a harvest. With the first opening of navigation, Swedish immigrants began to arrive in New Sweden; first, in little squads, then in companies of twenty, thirty and forty, till the immigration of the year culminated in the last week of May, when one hundred Swedes arrived via Houlton and Presque Isle, followed within five days by two hundred and sixty more by the St. John river.

Provisions and tools for the colony and its expected accessions, were shipped in March direct to Fredericton, New Brunswick, and thence with the first opening of navigation up the river St. John to Tobique landing. From this latter place the goods were hauled into New Sweden, a distance of but twenty-five miles. Seed, consisting chiefly of wheat, rye, barley, oats, corn, beans and potatoes, was early purchased in the neighborhood of the colony and hauled in on the snow. A span of young, powerful draught horses was bought in the early spring to help on

the work. They were employed in harrowing in the crops, grubbing out and plowing the roads, hauling logs and timber, until November, when they were sold for $425, the exact sum paid for them in the spring.

A stable, thirty by forty feet, was erected on the public lot, one hundred feet in the rear of the capitol; the capitol itself painted, the first floor, comprising the store-house and offices, lathed, plastered, finished and furnished, and the hall above lathed and provided with benches and a pulpit. The stable was erected and the capitol completed before the snow was off. This work was almost exclusively done by Swedes, at the rate of one dollar a day, in payment of supplies already furnished them by the state.

The snow lingered late. Weeks after it had disappeared in the nearest villages, it still covered our new clearings in the woods. As soon as the black burnt ground showed itself in considerable patches, we commenced putting in wheat, sowing it partly on the melting snow. The first wheat was sowed May 12, rye followed, then came oats and barley. The state horses harrowed in the grain. Then men, women and children were busy from morning till night hacking in potatoes among the stumps; and last of all, each Swede cleared still a little piece more of land and put in turnips.

Saturday, May 14, Jacob Hardison and I rode into New Sweden on horseback, through a storm of sleet and rain, with nineteen young apple-trees lashed on our backs. With these we set out the first orchard in the town on the public lot, just west of the capitol. The trees flourished, and for some years have borne fruit.

In the spring of 1871, one hundred and sixty-five acres of land were cleared and put into a crop, including the

one hundred and twenty-five acres on which the trees were felled the year before by the state.

The song birds found us out. The year before the forest was voiceless. This spring, robins, sparrows and chickadees flew into our clearings, built their nests among us, and enlivened the woods with their songs. The birds evidently approved of colonization.

All this while the immigrants with their ponderous chests of baggage were pouring in. They filled the hall of the capitol, the stable, and one squad of fifty, from Jemptland camped under a shelter of boards at the corner.

Albert A. Burleigh Esq., took the place of Mr. Barker as surveyor. Mr. Burleigh, with an able corps of assistants arrived at New Sweden as soon as it was practicable to commence surveying in the woods, and pushed on his part of the work with vigor and ability throughout the season. Roads were first laid out in all directions from the capitol, then lots laid off to face them. Straight lines were not deemed essential to these ways, an easy grade was everywhere maintained, and hills and swamps avoided. Working parties of newly arrived immigrants, each in command of an English speaking Swede, were detailed to follow the surveyors and cut out the roads. Thus avenues were opened up in all directions into the wilderness. Bands of immigrants eagerly seeking their farms followed the choppers, and lots were taken up as fast as they were made accessible. Some enterprising Swedes did not wait for the working parties, but secured choice lots by ranging the woods in advance; the principal of "first come first served" having been adopted in the distribution of these prizes of land.

Thus the stream of immigration that poured into the

capitol, was continually disappearing in small rills throughout the forest. A party of one hundred crowding our accommodations on Monday, would vanish before Saturday night. A walk along any wood road soon revealed them; the blows of the axe and the crash of falling trees led to the men, and the smoke curling from a shelter of poles and bark near by, to the women and children.

Our main road to the outside world for three miles from the capitol was simply a passage way cut through the woods a year ago, to let in the first colony. The heavy immigrant wagons and supply teams had since then rapidly worn away the earth; and protruding stumps and deepening ruts rendered the road almost impassable, yet not a day's labor could be spared to it, till the crops were all in. June 26, however, a force of fifteen men and four horses were put upon this important highway. We commenced work at the edge of the center, chopping about a stone's throw south of the capitol, and until October, whatever hands could be spared from their own clearings were kept at work on this road. The entire three miles were grubbed out full width of thirty feet through a heavy growth of standing trees; two miles of this turnpiked in as thorough a manner as any county road in the state, and a substantial bridge of hewn cedar thrown across the east branch of Caribou stream. The road is three-quarters of a mile shorter than the old one by which the first colony entered New Sweden, curves around, instead of over the hills, and maintains an easy grade throughout. It was built under the immediate supervision of Jacob Hardison Esq., than whom no man in Aroostook is better acquainted with everything that pertains to frontier life in the woods of Maine, and who in one capacity or another has assisted

the Swedish colony from its foundation. In settling New Sweden, my right hand man was always Jake Hardison. It does me good to look into his honest face to-day.

Meanwhile, branch roads were being cut through the woods by smaller parties of workmen. One road was made west four miles through Woodland into Perham, another east toward Lyndon, a third northeast four and one-quarter miles to the Little Madawaska river, a fourth seven and one-half miles to the northwest corner of New Sweden, beside still other shorter connecting roads.

Every working party, whether on branch roads, main road, public buildings, or other public works, was in charge of its own special foreman. Each foreman called the roll of his crew every evening, and entered the time of each man in a book provided for the purpose. These time books were handed in once a week to the state store-keeper, and each workman credited with one dollar for every day's work, payable in the provisions and tools he was receiving from the state.

Thus the money appropriated by our state, in aid of the Swedish colony, accomplished a two-fold good. It first supplied the Swedes with food and tools, enabling them to live until they harvested their first crop. Second, It was worked out to its full value by the Swedes, on the roads and other public works, which are a permanent public benefit and worth to the state all they cost. State aid to the Swedes was thus a temporary loan, which they repaid in full, the state gaining hundreds of new citizens by the transaction.

June 6, Anders Herlin died, the first death in New Sweden. June 20, Jacob Larsson, a newly arrived immigrant, was killed in his chopping by a falling tree.

Friday evening, June 23, the young people observed "*Midsommars afton.*" They erected a May pole at the center, decorated it with garlands, festoons of flowers, and green leaves. From the top of the pole floated the American and Swedish flags. They sung ring songs, played ring games, and danced around the May pole to Swedish music, till far into the night.

In June, arrived an important addition to the colony, the Rev. Andrew Wiren, a regularly ordained minister of the Lutheran church. His ministrations have continued to this day, and long may they continue in the future. He has ever been not only a pastor, but the "guide, counselor and friend" of his little flock, whose love and confidence he has always possessed.

On Sunday, June 25, Pastor Wiren held the first Lutheran service in the hall of the Capitol. This was the first anniversary of our sailing from Old Sweden, and the opportunity was improved by the commissioner to speak words of praise and encouragement.

All summer and fall new choppings opened out on every hand; the old clearings were rapidly enlarged; shelters of poles and bark gave way to comfortable timber houses; barns were built near the growing grain, and everywhere trees were falling and buildings rising throughout the settlement.

So many people flocking into the woods soon created a demand for various trades and crafts. A variety store was opened in August by a Swede, in a commodious timber building near the center. A blacksmith, a shoemaker, a tinman, and a tailor, set up shops near by, and were overrun with business. A saw-mill was commenced at a good water power on Beardsley brook, four miles from the cap-

itol, and on December first, was nearly completed. The foundations for a grist-mill were also laid.

Quite a speculation in real estate arose. Several farms changed hands at high figures, and one lot of only one acre was sold for $50 cash. It was the corner lot next south of the capitol, and was sold to build a store on. This store has now been altered into a dwelling-house for Pastor Wiren.

The crops grew rapidly. Wheat averaged five and rye over six feet in height. One stalk of rye, which I measured myself, was seven feet and five inches tall. A man stepping into any of our winter rye fields in August, disappeared as completely from view as though he were lost in the depths of the forest. Many heads of wheat and rye were over eight inches in length. Harvest time came early. Winter rye was ripe and cut by the middle of August; wheat, barley and oats early in September.

Crops were raised by thirty families. These arrived the year before. The new comers could only clear the land of its trees this first season. Of the thirty families, seventeen had built barns in which they stored their grain. The crops of the others were securely stacked in the field, and though the autumn was rainy, the harvest was uninjured.

As soon as the grain was dry a machine was obtained to thresh it. Three thousand bushels of grain were threshed out, of which twelve hundred were wheat, one thousand barley, and the remainder principally rye and oats. Wheat averaged twenty, and yielded up to twenty-five, and rye averaged thirty-five and yielded up to forty-two bushels to the acre. The season was late and wet, and much of the wheat was nipped by the rust. In an ordinary year a

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maximum yield of forty bushels of wheat to the acre has been attained.

An unusually heavy frost the middle of September, which prevailed throughout New England, killed the potato tops and stopped all further growth of the potatoes, diminishing the yield one-third. Three hundred bushels to the acre of those earliest planted was nevertheless obtained, and five thousand bushels of potatoes secured, besides several hundred bushels of beets, turnips and other roots.

On September 30, all those who had harvested a crop were cut off from further receipt of state supplies. These colonists became not only self supporting, but delivered to the state, in part payment of their indebtedness, five hundred bushels of potatoes, which were sold to the later arrived immigrants.

On November 15, state aid was also cut off from every immigrant of this year who had not wife or children with him. For all such, work for the winter was provided among the farmers, in the lumber woods, at the tanneries, quarries, or railroads.

A free public school was opened in the hall of the capitol, November 13, 1871. Pastor Wiren was teacher. He had acquired our language during a four years' residence in the west. There were seventy-seven scholars. The chief study was the English language. To learn to read, write, and speak English was of more importance than all else. Pastor Wiren also opened an evening English school for adults.

Divine service continued to be held in the public hall both forenoon and afternoon, every Sunday throughout the year; and the Swedish Sunday-school kept up its

weekly meetings without the omission of a single Sunday. The attendance on these religious exercises was almost universal.

As soon as the earth could be made to produce grass or fodder, the Swedes began to provide themselves with cattle, horses, sheep, and swine.

They bought, however, no faster than they could pay. If a Swede could not afford a span of horses, he bought only one; if he could not afford a horse, he provided himself with an ox; if an ox was beyond his purse, he got a steer, and if a steer was more than he could afford, he placed a home-made harness on his only cow, and worked around with her till he could do better.

Americans driving in laughed at these nondescript teams, but all the while the Swedes were teaching us a lesson—to live within our means.

On Thursday, September 5, Bishop Neely visited New Sweden and conducted religious services in the public hall.

On Tuesday, September 26, Hon. Sidney Perham, Governor of Maine, and Hon. P. P. Burleigh, land agent, accompanied by friends, made an official visit to the colony. The Swedes, to the number of four hundred, met at the capitol, and gave the official party a warm reception. The commissioner, in behalf of the colony, delivered an address of welcome, to which Governor Perham eloquently replied. Swedish songs were sung, speeches made, and every Swede shook hands with the Governor. A collation was then served in the store-room of the capitol, and in the afternoon, the roads, buildings and farms of the Swedes were inspected by the Governor and land agent, who expressed themselves highly gratified with the progress of the colony.

One great cause of the rapid success of this colony has been the active help the Swedish women have rendered their husbands. Every Swedish wife was indeed a helpmate. She not only did all the house work, but helped her husband in the clearings amid the blackened stumps and logs. Many of the Swedes cut their logs into lengths for piling with cross-cut saws. Whenever this was the case, you would see that the Swedish wife had hold of one end of the saw; and she did her half of the work too.

Once riding out of the woods, I met one of our Swedish women walking in with a heavy sack on her back. As she passed, I noticed a commotion inside the sack.

"What have you got in there? said I.

"Four nice pigs," she replied.

"Where did you get them?"

"Down river, two miles beyond Caribou."

Two miles beyond Caribou was ten miles from New Sweden. So this good wife had walked twenty miles; ten miles out and ten miles home, with four pigs on her back, smiling all the way, to think what nice pigs they were.

Another wife, when her husband was sick, with her own hands, felled some cedar trees, sawed them up into butts, and rifted out and shaved these butts into shingles, one bunch of which she carried three miles through the woods on her back, to barter it at the corner store here for necessaries for her husband.

By such toil was this wilderness settled.

This Swedish immigration enterprise advertised Maine throughout the union, and called public attention to our wild lands and new settlements. The files of the land office show that in addition to the Swedish immigration, American immigration upon our wild lands increased in 1871, more than 300 per cent.

One special instance among many may be given of the outside effect of New Sweden. Mr. Alba Holmes was induced to visit Aroostook county by reading a newspaper notice of New Sweden. He put in operation the first potato starch factory in Aroostook, at Caribou. These factories quickly increased; there are now twenty-two in the county, which consume 3,000,000 bushels of potatoes a year, and the manufacture of potato starch has become one of the leading industries of Aroostook.

As illustrating how favorably the New Sweden of Maine, is regarded by the old country, from which it sprung, I call attention to the following admirable letter, written to the Governor of Maine, by S. A. Hedlund of Gothenburg, Sweden. Mr. Hedlund is editor of a prominent Swedish newspaper, a member of the Swedish parliament, and one of the first writers and thinkers of Sweden.

To the Honorable Governor of the State of Maine:

Sir,—You must not wonder, sir, that a Swedish patriot cannot regard without feelings of sadness the exodus of emigrants, that are going to seek a better existence in the great republic of North America, leaving the homes of their ancestors, and giving their fatherland only a smiling farewell. It will not surprise you, sir, that this must be a very melancholy sight to the mind of the Swedes, and that it must become yet more so on the thought that many of these emigrants are meeting destinies far different from the glowing prospects that were held forth to their hopeful eyes. Not only Sweden will lose her children, but they will be lost to themselves in the distant new field.

The sons and daughters of old Sweden, will they maintain, among your great nation their national character?

Will they retain, at least, some remembrance of their native land?

We know well, sir, that every nationality, strong as it may be, will be gradually amalgamated in the new, common, all-absorbing nationality of the new world, and it would certainly not be of any advantage, either to America or to civilization, if the different nationalities of Europe were to continue their individual life, with their peculiarities and enmities, on the soil of their adopted country. We regard it, on the contrary, as a special mission of America to absorb and amalgamate all these different European elements.

But, sir, will they lose also, these American immigrants, the remembrance of their fatherland? Must the Swedish inhabitors of your country necessarily forget the language and customs of their ancestors? Will they forget the struggles and victories of their native land, its good times and hard times? Will they forget the mother who has borne her children with heavy and self-denying sacrifices, and will they have no feelings left for her love and regret?

No, sir, they will not do so, and the great people of America will not require it. You have not received the children of Sweden as outcasts, who will be adopted into the new family only at the price of denying their father and mother. On the contrary, sir, you have given a special impulse to the Swedes, whom you have invited to colonize your state, to hold their native land in honor and remembrance, by giving the new colony, founded in the northern part of your state, the name of "New Sweden;" you have given them also, in Swedish books, opportunity for recalling their fatherland.

Your commissioner, Mr. W. W. Thomas jr., one evening

last summer, assembled his little colony of immigrants to partake of a collation, where good wishes and kind words were exchanged. We, the remaining friends, left with confidence our brethren and sisters in his care; his last and firm assurance was, "All that has been promised will be kept."

Yes, sir, these promises have been kept; but not only that, they have been far surpassed by your generosity. The poor immigrants, landing on your shores, have been received and greeted with the most friendly welcome. Their homes established, their future secured, they have not been disappointed in their hopes by the difficulties and grievances of the real state of things.

The young colony will probably be the nucleus of an extended colonization, and you will not, sir, I feel sure, find the hardy Swedes ungrateful and unworthy of your kindness; they would then, surely, be unworthy of their origin.

The colony of "New Sweden" has requested and authorized the writer of this letter to convey to you, Honorable Governor of the State of Maine, the expression of their sentiments of deep gratitude, and you will kindly allow me, sir, to add thereto, the expression of the same sentiments of many other Swedes, who have followed the immigrants with sympathies.

Allow me, at the same time, to express to the people of Maine, who have received their new brethren with so much cordialty, the thanks of the colonists, who have mentioned more especially two gentlemen, Mr. W. W. Thomas jr., and Mr.. P. P. Burleigh, land agent, as objects of their gratitude and high esteem.

May the young colony of "New Sweden" grow and flourish, not only in material strength, but even in devel-

oping their moral and intellectual faculties. And may the new population thus add to your state and to your great republic a good and healthy element of moral power from the old world, and, becoming imbued with the spirit of your free institutions, reflect that spirit on their native land!

What we have lost, at present, in the old fatherland, will then not have been lost to humanity; on the contrary, the trees have only been transplanted on a fresher soil, where they will thrive better and give richer and more abundant fruits. God bless the harvest! God bless your land!

I am, sir, with the highest esteem,

Your obedient servant,

G. A. Hedlund,

Chief Editor of Gothenburg Shipping and Mercantile Gazette.

Gothenburg, March 25, 1871.

In January, 1872, a weekly newspaper, "The North Star," was started at Caribou. Every issue of this paper contained one column, printed in the Swedish language. This column was edited by Mr. E. Winberg, one of our Swedish immigrants, and was extensively read in New Sweden.

This was the first paper, or portion of a paper ever published in a Scandinavian language in New England, although the Scandinavians sailed along our coast, and built temporary settlements on our shores, five hundred years before Columbus discovered the islands of our continent.

The examination of the first common school, took place March 15, 1872, after a session of four months. The scholars had made wonderful progress in learning our language. Many could speak and read English well, and

some had made considerable advance in writing. These school privileges were highly prized. Some of the scholars came to school five miles through the woods, slipping over the snow on *skidor*—Swedish snow shoes.

Two steam mills were erected and put in operation in the spring of 1872. A large quantity of shingles and some boards were sawed. These mills, however, were an unprofitable investment for their owners.

The Swedes early became experts in manufacturing shaved shingles by hand. It was soon admitted by Aroostook traders that the Swedish shingles were the best made in the county. Shopping in New Sweden was almost exclusively barter. Bunches of shaved shingles were the currency which the Swedes carried to the stores of the American traders, and with which they bought their goods.

The last mile of our main road was turnpiked in 1872, giving the colony a good turnpike to Caribou. Branch roads were improved.

In the matter of government, New Sweden presented an anomaly. It was an unorganized township, occupied by foreigners, furthermore, no legal organization could be effected for years, for there was not an American citizen resident in the township, through whom the first step toward organization could be taken. The first two years of the colony the commissioner found time to personally settle all disputes between the colonists, organize the labor on roads and buildings, and arrange all matters of general concern.

As the colony increased, it became impossible for one man to attend to all the details of this work. A committee of ten was therefore instituted to assist the commissioner. Nine of this committee were elected by the colo-

nists, the Pastor was the tenth, *ex officio*. Three went out of office every six months, and their places were filled at a general election. New Sweden was also divided into nine highway districts, and each one of this committee had charge of the roads in his own district. This decemvirate satisfactorily managed all the municipal affairs of the colony, until New Sweden was legally organized into a plantation.

Many and strange were the experiences of life in these woods.

One evening Svensson came running up to my office in the capitol, crying out, "My daughter is lost."

His daughter Selma was a little girl, twelve years old, well known and loved in the colony.

He had taken her with him in the morning to a new chopping, where he was at work, three miles into the woods toward the Madawaska river. At noon he had sent her to a woodland spring to draw water for their dinner, but she did not return. Becoming alarmed, he hurried to the spring. There were the tracks of her feet in the moist earth, but the girl was nowhere to be seen. He hallooed and received no answer, and then searched the woods in vain till night-fall.

I at once sent out a messenger on each road in the township, warning the men to meet at the capitol next morning at sunrise. Over fifty came, bringing with them all the dogs and all the guns in the colony. We followed Svensson to his clearing, formed a line north and south along the Madawaska road, and at a signal, advanced into the woods, moving west. Each man was to keep in line with and in sight of his next neighbor. Thus the men advanced through the forest for hours, shouting and firing guns. But there came no answer.

At noon two guns were fired in quick succession. This was the preconcerted signal. The girl was found. She was standing in the bottom of a dense cedar swamp, on all sides the trunks of fallen trees were piled up in inextricable confusion. How the child ever got in there was a mystery. She still held the pail, half full of water, in her hand. But she had clasped the bail so tightly in her terror, that her finger nails had cut into the palm of her hand, and blood was dripping from her fingers into the water in the pail.

"Why, where have you been?" joyfully asked the Swedes.

"I don't know," she murmured in a broken voice.

"What have you been doing?"

"I don't know."

"Where did you pass the night?"

"There hasn't been any night," she cried with a wild glare. She was mad. The terrors of that long night alone in the woods had taken away her reason. She was taken home, tenderly nursed, and after a period of sickness, was fully restored to health of mind and body. She then said, that she went to the spring, filled her pail with water, and was just starting back through the woods, when suddenly she saw in the path before her, a bear and a cub. She turned and ran for life. When she dared to look around, she found the bear was not following her. She then tried to walk around to the clearing, where her father was. She kept on and on, crying for her father, till it grew dark, then she recollected no more.

The government of the United States recognized this colony at an early day, by establishing a post-office here, and appointing Capt. N. P. Clasé post-master. The road

to Caribou was subsequently made a post route, and weekly paid postal service commenced July 1, 1873. Sven S. Landin, one of the colonists, was mail carrier, although, when pressed with work on his farm, his wife not unfrequently walked with the mail to Caribou and back again, a distance of sixteen and a half miles.

On October 14, 1873, Ransom Norton Esq., clerk of courts for Aroostook county, visited the colony for the purpose of affording the Swedes an opportunity of taking the first step toward naturalization. On that day one hundred and thirty-three men came forward and publicly renounced all allegiance to the "King of Sweden and Norway, the Goths and the Vandals," and declared their intention of becoming American citizens.

In the fall of 1873, the condition of the colony was excellent. The little settlement of fifty had increased to six hundred, and outside of New Sweden there were as many more Swedes located in our state, drawn to us by our Swedish colony. The settlement of New Sweden had outgrown the township of that name and spread over the adjoining sections of Woodland, Caribou and Perham. The trees on 2200 acres had been felled. 1500 acres of this were cleared in a thorough and superior manner, of which 400 acres were laid down to grass.

The crops had promised abundance, but an untimely frost that followed the great gale of August 27, pinched the late grain and nipped the potatoes. Still a fair crop was harvested. 130 houses, and nearly as many barns and hovels had been built. The colonists owned 22 horses, 14 oxen, 100 cows, 40 calves, 33 sheep and 125 swine.

The schools were in a flourishing condition. Such an advance had been made in English, that most of the chil-

dren above ten years of age, could read and write our language tolerably, and speak it well. An American visiting the colony had no need of an interpreter, for every child that talked at all, could speak English.

Your historian then felt that all the conditions of the plan on which this experiment was made, had been fulfilled. The colony had been recruited in Sweden, transplanted to Maine, fast rooted in our soil, and made self-sustaining. The experiment was an experiment no longer. New Sweden was successfully founded, the stream of Swedish immigration was successfully started. The infant colony was now strong enough to go alone.

On Sunday forenoon, October 19, 1873, the commissioner of immigration met the Swedes at the capitol. Nearly the whole colony, men, women and children were there. The commissioner recounted the history of the colony, since the first adventurous little band had met together in old Sweden, spoke such words of friendly counsel as the occasion suggested and justified, and then took leave of the colony he had recruited in the Old World and founded in the New.

In his annual report, at the close of 1873, the commissioner recommended that all special state aid to New Sweden should cease. He further took pleasure in recommending that the office he held be abolished, since the accomplishment of the undertaking rendered the office no longer necessary; and thus laid down the work, which for four years had occupied the better portion of his life and endeavor.

One thousand years ago the great Scandinavian Sea-King Rollo sailed out from the Northland with a fleet of viking ships.

Landing on the coast of France, he subjugated one of her fairest provinces. Here the Northmen settled, and from them the province is called to this day Normandy.

Eight hundred years later the descendants of these Northmen, speaking French, sailed from Normandy to this continent and settled Acadia. When driven from their homes by the British fleet, a detachment of Acadians came up the St. John river and settled on the interval, where now stands the city of Fredericton.

Expelled from their homes a second time by the English, they followed up the St. John to Grand Falls.

British ships cannot sail up these falls, said they, so nearly a hundred years ago they built their cottages along the fertile valley of the upper St. John, some twenty miles north of New Sweden. There to-day dwell thousands of Acadian French.

Ten years ago, a little company of Swedes sailed forth from the same Scandinavia, whence issued Rollo and his vikings, and settled New Sweden.

So these two branches of Scandinavian stock, separated in the ninth century, are now brought together again after the lapse of a thousand years, and dwell side by side in the woods of Maine.

Early in March, 1876, some thirty of the first comers in the colony were naturalized by the Supreme Court sitting in Houlton, and on April 6, 1876, New Sweden was legally organized into a plantation. An election was held, and officers chosen the same day. The following were the first officers of the plantation of New Sweden:

NILS OLSSON,
GABRIEL GABRIELSON, } *Assessors.*
PEHR O. JUHLEN,

CARL J. TORNQVIST, *Clerk.*
TRULS PERSSON, *Treas., Collector and Constable.*
JOHN BORGESON,
JOHN P. JACOBSSON,
PETTER PETTERSSON, } *School Committee.*

In the spring of 1878, the foundations of this, the first church in the colony were laid.

In September, 1878, the Editorial Association of Maine visited the colony. The brethren of the quill penetrated everywhere and interviewed everybody. A meeting was held in the hall of the capitol, and the editors, without distinction of party or creed, were outspoken in their praise of the Swedes and the work they had accomplished.

At the September election in 1879, New Sweden cast 80 votes.

Our Swedish colony by no means represents the total Scandinavian immigration to Maine, during the last decade. All over our state may be found Swedes who have been attracted to us, and are still held within our borders by the influence of New Sweden. For this Swedish community, with its Swedish customs, its Swedish church and its Swedish pastor, is looked upon as a home by every Swede in Maine.

Some of our Swedish immigrants who came to us in independent circumstances, purchased improved farms, on which they are now settled, in Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield, Limestone, Maysville and other towns. Many Swedes are at work in the great tanneries of Penobscot and the quarries of Piscataquis counties, in the mills and lumber woods of the Penobscot and the Aroostook, and on the farms of Cumberland and York.

A considerable number of the young men are employed

in the stores and workshops of Portland, Bangor, Houlton, Presque Isle, Fort Fairfield, Caribou and other cities and villages, while the young women furnish needed and valuable help in our families in all sections of Maine.

Everywhere the Swedes have proved themselves to be intelligent, trustworthy workers, and everywhere they are praised and prized by their employers.

From the day of her founding, to this hour, New Sweden has continued to grow and thrive. She has never taken a step backward, she has never made a halt in her progress.

The colony of New Sweden soon outgrew the township of that name, and extended over the adjacent portions of the adjoining towns. The colony now occupies the whole of New Sweden plantation, the northerly half of Woodland and a corner of both Caribou and Perham. But though situated on four townships, the colony is compact, and the territory occupied by it forms one solid block of about 35,000 acres in extent.

The following statistics embrace the entire colony:

MAINE'S SWEDISH COLONY TO-DAY

Has a population of 787 Swedes, divided as follows:

New Sweden plantation,	517
Woodland,	210
Caribou,	36
Perham,	24
Total,	787

More than fifteenfold the little band of pilgrims that entered these woods ten years ago to-day.

An increase of 1474 per cent in a single decade. Can this be equalled by any town in New England?

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS AND DEATHS.

There have occurred 27 marriages, 216 births, and 65 deaths. The births exceed the deaths in the ratio of 3.32 to 1. This alone proves the vigor of the Swedish race and the healthfulness of the climate of northern Maine.

CLEARINGS.

The area of land cleared on each lot in the colony varies with the strength, skill and circumstances of the settlers, and the length of time since their arrival. The first colonists have of course, larger "felled pieces" on their lots than the later comers; and the few, who were fortunate enough to bring with them the means of hiring help, have made more rapid progress in clearing their farms of the forest, than the great majority who have been compelled to rely exclusively on the labor of their own hands. Scarcely any of the Swedes, however, have cleared less than 15 acres, most have cleared from 20 to 40 acres, some from 40 to 50, while a few are the happy owners of over 50 acres of cleared land. One farm in the colony, with a clearing of 50 acres, and good buildings thereon, was sold for $2000 to a newly arrived immigrant.

The Swedes have cleared their land in a superior manner, all the old soggy logs being unearthed, smaller stumps uprooted, and the larger knolls levelled. In many of the earlier clearings, the stumps have been entirely removed, and the fields plowed as smoothly as in our oldest settlements.

In the aggregate, these Swedes have cleared and put into grass or crops, 4438 acres of land, that one decade ago was covered with a gigantic forest.

BUILDINGS.

The colonists have erected the capitol, this church, 5 school-houses, 3 mills, 163 dwelling-houses and 151 barns; 324 buildings in all.

ROADS.

They have built 11 miles of excellent turnpike road, and grubbed out and put in passable condition, 31½ miles additional, making a total of 42½ miles of road built in the settlement.

LIVE STOCK.

The Swedish settlers now own 164 horses. They also possess 92 working oxen, 283 milch cows, and 282 other cattle; in all 657 head of cattle.

They have 309 sheep and 221 lambs; total, 530—and 175 swine; while the little flock of 4 hens brought in the first year has been so rapidly added to, that the Swedes can reckon up to-day the goodly number of 1920 poultry.

DAIRY.

In 1879, the dairy product of the colony amounted to 13,604 pounds of butter and 2,000 pounds of cheese; or in other words, 1 ton of cheese and nearly 7 tons of butter.

WOOL.

The colonists clipped 309 fleeces, which weighed 1,393

pounds. This was largely carded, spun and woven at their own homes, and for their own use.

EGGS.

The egg product of 1879 amounted to 9,715 dozen of eggs.

CROPS.

In 1879, the Swedes cut and cured 982 tons of hay. They harvested 1,364 bushels of wheat, 5,256 bushels of rye, 2,861 bushels of buckwheat and 8,501 bushels of oats; making a total of 17,982 bushels of grain. They raised also 25,007 bushels of potatoes, besides thousands of bushels of other roots.

VALUES.

The valuation of all the farms in the Swedish colony is - - - - - - - -	$ 99,350
Value of farming implements and machinery -	6,998
Value of live stock - - - - - -	22,485
Total value of Swedish farms, tools and stock,	$128,833

The value of the farm product of the entire colony for 1879, was $24,011.

And this was raised where not the worth of a dollar was produced ten years ago.

These figures alone are eloquent. They speak for themselves. They tell the story of difficulties surmounted, of results accomplished, of work well done. But, my friends, those of you who have never lived in the backwoods, can have no adequate conception of the vast labor and toil un-

dergone on this spot to create the results I have enumerated, and which you see all around you. A settler's first years in the woods are a continual fight, hand to hand with savage nature, for existence. It is pleasant to look out upon these broad fields waving with grain, but do we know, can we calculate, how many blows of the axe, how many drops of sweat have been expended in turning each one of these 4,400 acres of cleared land from forest to farm?

To-day, New Sweden gives an account of her stewardship, and shows you the results of ten years' hard work—results achieved by the never flagging industry, the rigid economy, the virtue, faith and hope of our Swedish brethren.

To you American visitors—to the State of Maine, these Swedes may proudly say, "*Si monumentum requieris, circumspice.*" New Sweden stands to-day a monument of what can be accomplished on a wilderness township of Maine, by strong arms and brave hearts in the short space of ten years. And all this is but seed well sown, the harvest is in the future.

The great obstacle to the growth of New Sweden is the fact that the state no longer owns our wild lands. In large part, she has squandered them, and the private owners into whose hands they have fallen are, for the most part, rigidly opposed to the settlement of their timber townships. Had the state continued to own its lands, the neighboring townships to the north and west of us would have been settled by Swedes before this, and Aroostook county alone, would to-day, number more than 3,000 Swedes.

But the lands are here; the colony is here; the Swedes are coming, and the tide of immigration cannot be turned

back. The first hard years of this colony's life are now over. The work of the decade has placed New Sweden upon vantage-ground. Henceforward, not only its success, but its happiness and comfort are assured. The past is secure, the future is plain.

This Swedish colony will go on and accomplish its mission. It will push out into these forests and convert tract after tract of our wilderness, into well tilled farms and thriving villages. It will continue to draw to all sections of our state the best class of immigrants—the countrymen of John Eriksson, and the descendants of the vikings, and the soldiers of Gustavus Adolphus — and throughout the future, it will confer upon Maine those numerous and important advantages, which a steadily growing industrial population is sure to bestow upon a commonwealth.

The oration occupied over two hours in its delivery, yet it was listened to by both Swedes and Americans, with unabated interest throughout, and frequently interrupted with applause.

At its conclusion, a hymn was sung by the Swedish choir.

Mr. Thomas then said, — It is our good fortune to have with us to-day, one who has achieved renown, both as a scholar and a soldier, the man who occupied the gubernatorial chair of Maine, when this colony was founded, the constant and chivalric friend of this enterprise from its inception; one, who in fact, stood by and rocked the cradle of New Sweden, the gallant General Chamberlain.

The general was warmly greeted as he advanced to the pulpit, and spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF GEN. JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN.

Members and friends of the colony of New Sweden,—The figure of speech under which it has pleased our friend to introduce me, you must take for pleasantry and not history. I don't know exactly what his meaning is. But surely we may be thankful that so many Swedish cradles have been rocked; and I almost wonder that my good friend himself has not done something better in that way than he has!

But his figure of speech, however intended, has brought some agreeable and some amusing thoughts to my mind. It may be known to some here, that I happened to be Governor at the time the enterprise of establishing a Swedish colony in Maine, was brought forward. It is not perhaps any better known, that the measure was not carried through without some opposition.

I cannot justly claim the gentle office of nurse, so graciously apportioned to me. While this enterprise was being matured, I was not sitting in-doors with spectacles and knitting, cradle-rocking; I was outside, taking another kind of "rocks."

Some gentlemen and some papers were pretty soundly abusing me for recommending the measure to the Legislature, whom I now see with pleasure arraying themselves as first and foremost champions of the cause. It puts me in good humor, too, to be thought worthy of this good company to-day. Some were surprised: "What, are you going with us!" exclaimed one of the honored officials on

his way to mingle his triumphs with yours, as I joined the party on the train.

I rather thought I was going; for, friends, I was not going to have my rights of citizenship taken away just when yours were being conferred. So I am here with "us."

But, pleasantry aside, whoever may have been nurse or godfather of the enterprise now so happily betokened here, the thought of Swedish immigration to Maine had no novel nor narrow birth. Many thoughtful citizens had long revolved in mind the question why Scandinavian immigration in America should leap so far beyond the seaboard, and settle down in so distant regions of the country; and one of my predecessors in office, a man of patriotic and sagacious mind, had brought the subject formally to the attention of the state.

But in the eventful years which followed, the matter was passed over, and was well-nigh forgotten. I can only claim to be guardian of the thought. It was at the close of a bloody and costly civil war that this matter engaged my attention. Twenty-five thousand of the strength of our youth that went forth to the country's defence, had perished in the conflict. There were broken ranks all over our state—vacant chairs, desolate homes, neglected fields, wide and rich lands with none to occupy; many, too, of our native-born people were carried elsewhere by the currents of business and trade. Inducements offered to our own people were insufficient to draw them to these fertile and beautiful lands. The harvest seemed plenteous, but the laborers were few.

In that state of things the thought recurred of bringing here the friends from over sea, who, being of kin, would mingle kindly with us in working and living. We had al-

ready here, and made welcome, people of the Celtic race, the French and the Irish, to give vivacity and fervor to our social character. Now we thought to bring a people nearer yet of kin.

We have a saying, "Blood is thicker than water." You may have something like it in Swedish. It means, kinship is a strong, natural bond. So we sought our cousins from over sea to fill the place of our sons. The water was not so wide but that the blood should bring us together.

For we are of one blood, friends, and but little removed from each other in traits and temper, though you have kept nearer to the original stock. The same may be said of language. Of our two forms of speech the soul is the same and the features too, if not the flesh. Word answering to word, as the face of a friend. Habits of life and work are alike with us. You have the snows and the forests, the fields and the rivers, the lakes and the sea. What you know well how to do, you can do here. Whatever we do that is well, you can do.

In ideas and sympathies also our minds flow in one stream. You comprehend our principles, your hearts beat toward the same ideal ends, you enter naturally into our institutions, and take hold with us heartily in carrying forward all noble works which it is man's duty and glory on earth to achieve.

Thoughts like these, running on before, drew us to you, and I trust drew you to us.

Happily, and indeed as a singular good omen, we were able to avail ourselves of the rare qualifications and indispensable services of my good friend whom you call "Consul Thomas," putting more affection into that word, I know, than it has often borne before,—who had just come

home from you, full of heart and full of vigor, and who from the first moment until now has given both to this enterprise now so worthily crowned.

He was a good man to send for you. I don't wonder that you followed him and that you love him. Why, he looks like a Swede! I leave it to you if he does not. The very breezes that stir the tree-tops of Norrland seem to play across his features as he smiles back upon you now.

I know him for a viking too, sweeping our coast with his foragers and his gleemen. He must be a Scandinavian. His honored father beside him here knows more about it than I do—descended, it is easy to see, from I know not what sea-king or king of men!

But another man I must not pass by,—and must even name him, as he is not here,—who you must grant me was a good man to meet you. I mean Mr. Burleigh,—as good an American as Mr. Thomas is Swede,—a man of firm mold, who, when he has set his hand to a thing does not go back till it is done.

And here you are now, settled and firm in your new home! I rejoice with you in it. You have brought with you what makes home and makes for heaven—these women, honored and blessed in both lands and bringing honor and blessing now to this. You have brought what makes a community and a people strong. With your workers, and of them indeed, you have your pastor, your teacher, your magistrate, your soldier. For I took notice of that too, as I am bound and prone to do. Your young soldiers here, with their leader, who has the born soldier in him, they speak of serious things, of needful things sometimes. God grant we be not called to that lesson too soon again!

As I speak I catch sight of those two flags by the entrance which the winds now set waving, and in the vista they seem to wreathe and blend together, the Swedish and the American flags, that were never set against each other in mortal strife, and which now bringing here all their rich and stirring historic associations, smile on us with peace and good-will to men.

We welcome your flag, your history and yourselves. It will do us good to take into the life-blood of the Republic something of the spirit of Gustaf Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, Charles the XII, and Oxenstjerna and Ericsson, and the sweetness of Tegnér and Jenny Lind.

And it will do you good to come here where you can work out freely your best work and your best thought. Hereafter we are one. All that is ours is yours. All that is open to us of light and liberty and truth, and the triumph of right; all that is noble in duty, and high in station, and great in achievement, is open to you.

Your children and our children shall walk that onward, upward way together, now, henceforth, forever.

And so again I bid you greeting and good-bye.

Gen. Chamberlain's admirable remarks were received with profound attention.

At their close, the president said,—While Gen. Chamberlain, in the executive chamber, by his model state papers and efficient action, rocked one side of the cradle of New Sweden, there was another man, who, standing up in the house of representatives, by his eloquent speech, rocked the other side of this Swedish cradle. That man is Col. James M. Stone, of Kennebunk, whom I now introduce to you.

Col. Stone spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF COL. JAMES M. STONE, OF KENNEBUNK.

Mr. Chairman,—This decennial celebration, here in the woods of northern Aroostook to-day, vividly recalls to my mind, the inception of this grand enterprise, by the action of the legislature of our state, in the year 1870. It was my friend Mr. Thomas, who has just now so eloquently addressed us, who first, in a private conversation, called my attention to the subject of Scandinavian immigration into the state; and I well remember the interest which the presentation of that subject awakened in me. It was at a time of great commercial and financial depression. Many of our leading citizens, I well remember, were leaving the state, and turning their faces and footsteps toward the virgin lands of the west. Something I felt should be done, or attempted, if possible, if not to arrest this western movement, at least to counter-balance it; and I promised my friend, as a member of the house, that I would carefully consider the subject. I knew, too, that this measure had been most earnestly and ably urged upon the state, by both Gov. Washburn and Gen. Chamberlain.

A committee on Scandinavian immigration was appointed by the legislature of that year, of which I had the honor to be appointed chairman on the part of the house. The subject was very carefully and fully investigated by that committee, and a bill in favor of the measure reported, which it devolved on me to present and support.

The first thing, sir, for one to do who would satisfy others by speech, is to convince himself. This I succeeded in doing, and it was for this reason, I suppose, that I satisfied the house.

For without egotism, I think I may claim this much for

myself. Indeed, I doubt if there were in both branches of the legislature, a dozen members, who were in favor of the measure when it was first presented for discussion. Many of the leading members were, I know, opposed to it. The bill proposed a new policy for the state, in relation to the public lands, if the course hitherto pursued can be called a policy, that of preserving them for settlement, and of attempting to induce immigrants to occupy them. We had been giving these lands away in the past, with a lavish hand, both to individuals and to corporations, and in the year 1864, we had given to a single railroad corporation, 735,943 acres of land, at once, and without discussion or a division of the house—almost territory enough across the water to constitute a empire.

It was for the interest of private parties and of corporations holding these lands, to preserve them as they were for wood and timber, and thus withhold them from settlement; it was for the interest of the state to open them to immigrants. There was thus opposed in interest to this measure, not only many individuals and corporations holding wood and timber lands in the state, but also, all that class of men who were casting their eager and expectant eyes on what yet remained, as well as the many everywhere to be found, slow to learn and believe in anything new.

And yet, sir, so strong were the reasons in favor of this measure, that when the discussion was finished, there were but three votes in the house, I think, in opposition to it. I shall not detain you by attempting to recapitulate the results already accomplished in a single decade. What I saw, nay, much more than what I saw, by the eye of faith, and afar off, is before me in these woods of northern Maine

to-day. I can only say that I am most happy to be present here, and to participate in these festivities, and to witness and wonder at this developement and this prosperity; that I reflect with pleasure on the humble part I bore in the inception of this enterprise; that I most heartily congratulate the state, not only on the results already accomplished, but also, on the larger promise of ampler and more glorious fruitage in the future.

Music by the band followed.

The president said,—There is an honored gentleman present, whom I would point out to the Swedish lads as an example of what they may become by courage and industry, one who, by his own strong arm and stout heart has worked his way up from a farmer's boy to the Vice-presidency of this great Republic—the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin.

Mr. Hamlin said:

ADDRESS OF HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, UNITED STATES SENATOR.

I have come up here, Mr. Chairman, to testify by my presence the interest I feel, and have always felt, in this colony.

More than two hundred years ago Deane Swift said that he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before. But what praise shall be awarded to him who enters the unbroken forests and makes fields smile with beauty, creating wealth, which, but for his hands, would never have existed.

Every inhabitant of the state is worth one thousand dollars to the commonwealth in the value of his produc-

tions, and each of you who are subduing the forest is worth more than that to Maine.

We welcome you, not only as tillers of the soil, but we invite you, as friends and as equals, to a participation with us in our system of government.

Undoubtedly, geographical position and climate have much to do in forming the character of a people. Mountainous countries produce heroes; where the mountains point to heaven, there the lovers of freedom have always dwelt.

The men of Northern Europe are braver and more hardy than those born under the smiling sky of Italy. For a thousand years the Scandinavians have a noble history, and we knew that in the Scandinavian peninsula we should find a people who would more readily assimilate with our institutions than the citizens of sunnier climes.

The countrymen of St. Olaf, Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII, have much in common with the countrymen of Washington, and we invite you to partake with us of our advantages. We hold out our arms and bid you welcome to the broad acres of our beloved state.

The orator of the day has said you could drop down the whole of Massachusetts and its people into the lap of Aroostook, and you would hear no sign. I would qualify that somewhat. I think that some of those nice Massachusetts people, who believe in Immaculate Conception, would grumble at nature, and find fault because they did not have a hand in making the world.

My Swedish countrymen, when I see what has been done by Scandinavian labor up here in this remote corner of my native state, I rejoice to welcome you.

I know, too, if ever a conflict arises here, that the land

of Charles XII will furnish its descendants for the defence of liberty in the New World.

The eloquent speech of Senator Hamlin was loudly applauded.

The choir then sang "America,"

"My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty."

It is the National air of Sweden as well as of the United States. The audience all rose, and Swedes and Americans, each in their own language, but to the same music, sang their national anthem.

As the sweet volume of sound arose and floated out over the summer fields, one could not but deeply realize that God has made of one blood all nations of the earth.

Capt. Charles A. Boutelle was called upon to speak in behalf of the Press of Maine.

Mr. Boutelle said:

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN CHARLES A. BOUTELLE, EDITOR OF THE BANGOR WHIG AND COURIER.

Mr. Chairman and friends of New Sweden,—I am very glad to be able to participate with you in this decennial anniversary celebration of the foundation of your colony, and have been much impressed by the interesting exercises, and by the evidences of the intelligence, thrift and progress of this community. As a journalist, it has been my duty to take note of this public enterprise from its inception, and it has also been a pleasure to offer

words of encouragement and cheer to those who were seeking to build up happy homes on the virgin soil of our state.

I am glad to see for myself, the success which has been achieved, and to join in welcoming to the fraternity of fellow-citizenship, so industrious and excellent a people. The state of Maine cannot regret that it invited to our shores these worthy men and women who have made the wilderness to blossom, and I congratulate them upon becoming entitled to all the benefits and blessings of the freest and best government on the earth.

Rev. Daniel Stickney, of Presque Isle, was then called upon as the chronicler of New Sweden.

Mr. Stickney facetiously remarked that he never knew Mr. Thomas to make but one mistake, and that was when he called upon him to make a speech. So to save that gentleman from mortification, he would respectfully decline to utter a word.

At this point, the president, looking through the open door-way, caught sight of Mr. Barker standing outside, and called his name. Everyone inside the church and out caught up the refrain, and shouted Barker, Barker.

There was no resisting such a tide of invitation, and that gentleman pressed his way through the crowd up the aisle to the pulpit, and said:

ADDRESS OF HON. LEWIS BARKER, OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL.

I did not mean to speak here. It is not fair for your chairman, Mr. Thomas, to ask me to speak here. My ov-

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